

## Poetry Workshop I

### Circle of Life

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The vast, empty expanse,  
blackier than the purest obsidian  
stretches from before  
time to forever.

The void  
never fills,  
searching, and  
consuming souls.

It is the despair of  
death, but also, gives  
birth to fresh, glistening life.  
Life billows from the cracks:  
feathery wisps flowing, splashing,  
golden tendrils itching,  
creeping through  
darkness.

Light and shadow  
clash, a titanic battle ensues  
but the golden rays are tarnished,  
dripping their citrine venom.

The slimy shadow reaches out,  
grinning. A welcoming embrace  
to the gates of death. The black  
gates burnished slick  
with oil. The light  
fades, vanquished.

And yet... yet... a  
faint reverie can be  
heard. A phantom song,  
a whisper. Mourning,  
mourning what was lost,  
a calling for it to come back again.